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“NO MORE:”

THE SENIORS' FAREWELL.

A POEM,

Read at the Exhibition of the Loganiæ Society of Haverford College, 7th Mo., 8th, 1861.

BY SAMUEL A. HADLEY.

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For these hastily written verses the author claims no literary merit. They may serve some of the children of Haverford as a *catalogue* of reminiscences about which memory will sing her own songs. For this purpose only are they furnished for publication.

“NO MORE.”--A POEM.

I.

Receiving, good College, thy blessing to day,
To earth's wide arena we hasten away :
We longed for the parting, the hour that draws nigh,
Right glad, Alma Mater, to bid thee good-by ;
To go from thy prison, and join in the strife,
And move freely over the broad field of life.

II.

The closing hour passes : less anxious to go,
Our feet from thy borders move sadly and slow.
In the sun-set of school-days, together we lay
Thy joys and thy sorrows in the cold grave away :
As the Arab his “Prophet's.” we kiss their tombstone,
And, in stillness of twilight, we leave them alone.
'Tis past, and forever, we cannot remain,
To Haverford, henceforth, we look back in vain.

III.

No more from “My Class Room” of four-o'clock fame,
The class room of nature, (I'll not give its name)—
No more from this “loved spot,” unheard shall we go,
At Doctor's brief mandate, the stern—“Go Below.”
Yet far from our eden, in far-away years,
His kind words of wisdom shall sound in our ears.
In lands where we wander, perchance when grown old,
The tales which he told us, again shall be told.
Not less shall we thank him, and thank him we ought,
That great moral maxims with science he taught.
And heart's thanks shall give him, which words cannot tell
While earth has a blossom, or ocean, a shell,
That blind eyes are opened, and now we can read
The great book of Nature on mountain and mead.

IV.

From the cupola's windows, no longer shall we
Watch Delaware's waters roll down to the sea,

Where far o'er the tree-tops, till lost from the sight.
 The vessels glide onward, like birds in their flight—
 No longer can see them, with white sails unfurled,
 Like sentries of Heaven, look down on the world !

V.

No more, at the whistle, in sunshine, or rain,
 Shall see our Longfellow rush down to the train :
 Nor see *naughty chickens*, at night through the hall,
 Make “sport” for the Freshmen, suspension for all !
 No more after supper shall gather around,
 And ask the old “Sand Bag” to take a “good pound”—
 That best *institution*, (not any we’ll save,)
 The best in the College, the noble and brave !
 The “Whittlers !” “Avengers !” what truly were they !
 At sight of the “Sand Bag,” they all ran away !

VI.

No more shall we linger at Henderson’s store,
 Awaiting the mail train, (which came long before !)
 Till, trusting our time-piece is rather too fast,
 Return for our “Shanghai,” but tea-time is past !

VII.

No more shall we look on the vast starry throng,
 In old constellations, march slowly along—
 No more see them revel around their night throne
 Far, far from the mind’s grasp, all feasting alone,—
 But we shall come hither on Fancy’s free wings,
 And visit the dome, where the telescope swings :
 Perhaps too remember the “Transit,” and how
 We noted the *time* at the quick-spoken “now!”

VIII.

No more from your summits, O, lofty Fair View,
 And famed hill of Prospect, in far away blue.
 Shall see grove and village, so fair that they seem
 A prospect of Eden beyond the clear stream
 Of Schuylkill shining, like silver, between,
 As Peneus from Ossa, in Tempe is seen !

IX.

No more in our hammocks, or seats up the trees,
 Half sleeping, half waking, rocked on by the breeze,

Read stories of lovers, or tales of the seas—
O, where are their First-days delicious as these !

X.

The bell that has called us so often away
From “Shinny” and “Cricket” the fields of our play,
Sometimes ringing pleasure, sometimes ringing pain :
No more, thus, forever, shall call us again !

XI.

At Mill Creek, and Kelley’s, and Morris’s Mills,
When white are the hill-sides, and silent the rills,
No more shall we gather, and in fullness reveal
The music of motion, and music of steel—
No more thus so swiftly shall pass and repass,
Nor scare the poor fishes, and break through their glass.
Yet set an example of bravery’s true worth,
Præsentiam Mentis, and coolly come forth !

XII.

No more shall we clamber the “Castle Rock” o’er,
And fancy ourselves on a far-away shore,
Where sweeps by old castles o’ergrown with the vine
The river of legends, the beautiful Rhine !
Great ruin of nature, romantic and grand !
Fit home of Fitzpatrick, and murderous band !
Thyself and thy story are equally strange.
We pass : but thou standest still mocking at change !

XIII.

There’s “Snob’s,” Villa Nova, and Lyon’s too,
And the *cave artificial*, the butcher broke through :
There’s Remington’s, Cabinet, “Mike’s,” and Whitehall,
Farewell all together, we can’t name you all.

XIV.

But pardon, kind hearers, if lingering too long
On scenes of our school-life, unworthy of song.
We seem but as children, in language of whom,
There’s naught in the wide world, but “mother” and “home.”
Your pardon : for swiftly the golden sands run,
And, in Fancy’s broad mirror, all mingling in one,
The things of our school-days are seen, and behold !
The alchemist, memory, has changed them to gold !

The shrubs cast their blossoms, like gems from a crown,
 At the feet of the beeches, with royal robes on !
 The birds, as in eden, on starry wings soar,
 And sing sweet and sadly the song of "No More!"

XV.

We go : but not all ; one has gone—in the wars
 At death looks right sternly, for the "stripes" and the "stars."
 We go : may our places by others be filled,
 When hearts, which now sing thee, forever are stilled.
 May the lawn still be lovely with trees from all lands,
 Its flowers still be gathered, if not by our hands,
 The bridge o'er the rail-road by others be crossed,
 Other feet too tread lightly by the Loved and the Lost,"
 Other hearts in yon building, when we are not there,
 To God be uplifted on the white wings of prayer.
 We go : but as pilgrims, who rest for awhile,
 With fountains and cool shades on the green desert isle,
 When o'er the waste ocean the camels move on,
 And in breath of the desert mirages are gone,—
 Worn, weary, and thirsty, look backward to where
 Are waters and shade trees, and long to be there,—
 So we, in our journey on life's desert sea,
 Henceforward, good College, shall look back to thce !



NOTES.

III.

“MY CLASS ROOM.”

The Doctor, our venerable Professor of Natural Science, and the terror of evil-doers, has his class room in the second story. The regular hours of recitation close at four o'clock, P. M., and hence, after this hour, the Professor has leisure to attend to his *appointments*, which, for failure in lessons, or other misconduct, are made in the midst of recitation by the injunction—“Go below—at my class room at four o'clock, prepared in this lesson. Go!” The student, who thus suddenly leaves the room to return at four o'clock, will not sooner forget the expression of the Doctor's countenance and that finger held up to give emphasis to his already too emphatic words, than he will forget the words themselves.

V.

LONGFELLOW.

The Pennsylvania railroad runs by the College lawn. One of the students, over six feet in height, was proverbial for his devotion to *engines*, and, whenever a whistle was heard, (and he knew nearly every locomotive on the road by its whistle,) he was seen rushing down to the train.

NAUGHTY CHICKENS AND SPORT.

On the night of the 7th of 10th month, 1860, as the Sophomores and Freshmen were retiring to rest, two chickens came forth from one of their dormitories, and began to promenade the hall, casting contemptuous glances at the laughers standing in the doors on either side. The Governor, (afterwards nick-named “Sport,”) endeavored to quell the merriment, but in vain; peal after peal of laughter went up, while he made futile efforts to capture the chickens. But finally they were taken. And, in order to compel the students, who assisted them up stairs, to come forward with a confession, the whole College, except the Senior class, was kept in partial suspension for near a month. The *culprits* were never found out.

“SAND BAG,” &c.

“Sand Bag” was the name of a boxing club, that boxed without gloves every evening after tea. “The Whitlers” and “Avengers” were opposition clubs.

VI.

No more shall we linger at Henderson's Store,
Awaiting the mail-train, (which came long before!)

The P. O. for the College is at Henderson's Store. The next line is totally inexplicable!!

“Shanghai” is the College name for molasses, probably originating from the shape of the decanters.

VII.

The Director of the Observatory must be heard at the Transit Instrument before the "quick spoken now," can be appreciated. He should also be seen, for his old roll cap adds not a little to the interest of the occasion.

VIII.

Fair-View Summit and Prospect Hill are beautiful views on the Schuylkill; the one near Manayunk, the other near Conshohocken.

XI.

Mill Creek, Kelley's and Morris', are noted swimming and skating resorts,

PRAESENTIAM MENTIS.

A member of the College, on a certain skating holiday, broke through the ice on Mill Creek, and, after losing a pair of skates, and making unsuccessful attempts to place himself on solid footing, was drawn out by one of the students. Among his first remarks on coming forth was—"I never lost my presence of mind." The students thought it a *joke*, but he said it was the *truth*, and contended for it as such. "Presence of mind" soon became a by-word.

XII.

The "Castle Rock," a huge pile of rocks near a small stream, a few miles west of Haverford College, is noted as having been the home of Fitzpatrick, a notorious robber of Revolutionary times. It is situated in a dense forest, and a cave among its wild crags must have been a desirable home for the daring outlaw. For an account of "Fitz" see "Historical Collections of the State of Pennsylvania," pp. 217-18.

XIII.

"Snobs," *alias* Temperance Store. Villa Nova, formerly a Catholic school. Cabinet, the name of a P. O. which the student sometimes make use of. Remington's, a splendid country seat. Lyons', a school under the charge of the Rev. James Gilborne Lyons, A. M., LL. D., a distinguished scholar and poet. "Mike's," an oyster and ice-cream saloon. Whitehall, a large hotel, like the other places mentioned, near Haverford.

The *cave artificial* was a "cave" made in the grove S. E. from the College for purposes not sanctioned by the Haverford regulations. It was entered by a trap-door, in the midst of a cluster of grape vines. A certain butcher residing in the vicinity, (certainly one of the bulkiest men in the State) one day passing over "broke through" the "cave," and was precipitated to its bottom, thinking, no doubt, the earth was swallowing him up. This accident not only destroyed the labor of the persevering *hermits*, but also led to their detection by the vigilant Superintendent of the College, who had serious objections to students thus retiring from the world!

XV.

In "Friends' Review," Vol. XI, p. 367, see a poem entitled "The Loved and Lost," written by Thomas H. Burgess, "in memory of Joseph G. Harlan," the late and much lamented Principal of Haverford College.

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